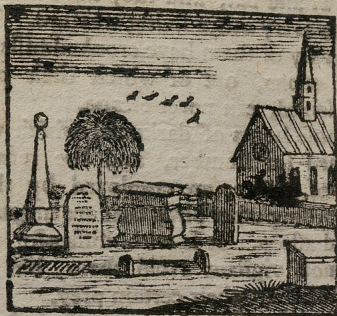


## R A M B L E XII.



GOOD morning to you, Miss Charlotte; and to you the same, master Billy. As this morning's ramble must be but a short one, if you please, we will step into this church-yard, and see what matter for reflection these gloomy mansions of the dead will afford us.

Pray,

## JUVENILE RAMBLES. 123

Pray, master Billy, read the two last lines on that tomb-stone.

*"The blast which nipt my youth will conquer thee;*

*"It strikes the bud, the blossom and the tree."*

You read very prettily, master Billy. But I was going to tell you, that master Tommy Jones was about twelve years of age, when he one day had been playing a great while at cricket, and being violently heated, he pulled off all his clothes, and jumped into the river, in order to cool himself, which threw him into a fever, and now he lies buried here. When you grow up, Billy, be very cautious not to go into the water when you are hot, as you see what was the consequence of it with poor Tommy Jones. I would also advise you to be very careful not to drink cold water when you are violently